

Dragonboats

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Summary: AU. Hiccup is captured by the dragonkind army and held captive on one of their ships for gods knows how long heading gods knows where. He's alone until they throw in another prisoner. Of course it had to be a dragon.

1. Chapter 1

****Greetings, all! I know it's been way too long. I'll spare you the details but for now, have a prologue. Here's a HTTYD AU I've been thinking about. It's short but the next chapters won't be. And yes, I know. CHAPTERS. PLURAL!****

****Note; this story will include elements from both movies and maybe a few pieces from the books if I can remember any.
'Njoy!****

****~spooky****

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><p>It was dark in the ship's hold. Hiccup couldn't see a thing. Not for a long while at least. He could feel the rough wood splinters in the ship's wood, could feel the sharp angles in the hull and the dampness that all told him he was on a dragonship. He could feel the rolling motion of the sea all around him, and suddenly he could see. A burst of light flooded the chamber from above and another body was dropped in. Each figure above him was bulky and tough. Dragonkind. The being they threw roughly into the compartment with him was sleeker and more refined, but arching black wings curved from its shoulders and a tail streamed behind him. As quickly as it came the light was gone and all Hiccup could see was nothing.<p>

Hiccup didn't know why they would throw one of their own into the hold with a human prisoner. Tucking himself against the wall, Hiccup almost didn't dare to breathe as he sat frozen as far away from the

dragon as he could get. A soft groan echoed through the confined space. A shifting sound. A thud. "Hello?"

The boy halfway jumped when the stranger spoke. The dragon spoke! In Norse! To him! It knew he was here, he was going to die, oh gods! His breathing became panicky and quick. Boots shuffling on the wooden floor, Hiccup struggled to compress himself into an even tighter ball.

"I won't hurt you," the dragonvoice said. "My feet, hands, and wings are bound," it tried to assure him. Its voice was high and lilting, with a strange, smooth accent. It was very different from the other dragonvoices he'd heard. "My name is-" and here there was a weird, rumbling gargle that Hiccup didn't understand- "but in your tongue it roughly translates to Toothless."

Toothless? What sort of name was that for a dragon? All the others had names like Hookfang or Stormfly or Thornado. Toothless? "W-what?" Hiccup stuttered in his surprise, and gasped when he realized he had spoken.

To his astonishment the other captive being laughed. "Ah! So you can talk!" It sounded amused at this.

Mustering his courage, Hiccup swallowed deeply and braved speech. "Why...what did they throw you in here for?"

"I'm a prisoner, just like you...though I suppose for a very different reason. I'm a renegade," the dragon announced, sounding very proud of itself for this. "I was caught lightning firebombs," it added.

"Lightning firebombs? But... Why?" It felt as though that was all Hiccup was asking. It also felt very wrong. Gods, he was talking to a dragon. What kind of idiot was he?!

There was a rustling sound and Hiccup could tell the dragon had shifted its tail closer to the young human. Instinctively he shied away as best he could. "If you could see in the dark you'd notice I'm missing a tail fin," the dragonvoice said in disgust. Its tone was a strange mix between sorrow and anger. "A band of rogue mercenaries severed it from me for fun. I'd done nothing. There is a dark side to us dragonkind, my friend, and I'm afraid that's all you Vikings ever see. All you see is our ancestors who plagued you centuries ago and all the evil dragons see are humans who give them no choice but to fight back. It's a misunderstanding, really."

Hiccup felt a sharp pang of sympathy, but he didn't want to. This was wrong. It was lying. It had call him its friend. It was trying to get at him. Wrong wrong wrong. A strange choking sound wormed its way up his throat. It worked its way up into a hysterical, bubbling laugh-cough. "Tch!" Having finally worked up the courage to do so, Hiccup scoffed and spat a glob of saliva into the darkness, and he heard it land with a wet spat somewhere, presumably on the dragon because of the responding hiss. Hiccup kept laughing. He just laughed, and he didn't know why. It was this captivity, that was it. It was getting to him. He'd been trapped here how long? A week? Two weeks? He didn't know. He didn't care. It didn't matter. Now he was trapped with a mad dragon. Of all things. Yes! Of all things. He smiled into the dark, his eyes unseeing and uncaring. He'd cracked

and he knew it but he didn't care.

Why did it matter? It never would. He'd never get out of here alive. He'd be killed or sold into a life of slavery. Didn't matter.

There wasn't any hope anyway.

2. Chapter 2

****Back again.****

****I think I decided on short chapters, almost like drabbles. It's kinda cool for suspense. Chapters may get longer but damn, I need to post this one before it just ends up sitting around for months unposted. Here. Enjoy the shortness.****

-spooky

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><p>The day Hiccup broke out laughing was the last time he spoke to the dragon. There was nothing after that. There was just the routine dropping of a loaf of bread and flask of water that served for his meals. Hiccup was sure he was pretty damn skinny by now- or skinnier. Whatever. He assumed the dragon didn't need as much food as he did because it never asked. It never said a word. Neither of them did, and that was good for Hiccup. He couldn't hear its lies. Silence was good.<p>

It had been a few days since the dragon was dropped in. Hiccup didn't know why he knew this. He'd given up caring about how long he'd been imprisoned here, but the day the dragon was dropped in he started counting again. It had been seven days.

Not that it mattered. Eat, silence, think, silence, darkness, silence, sleep, silence. Repeat. The presence of the dragon did not bother him. If he couldn't hear or see it he couldn't speak to it and listen to its lies. If Hiccup pretended it didn't exist then it didn't.

On the eighth day he wondered if it existed. Maybe it had been a hallucination. The easy solution to this would be to speak into the darkness. If nothing answered then the dragon had just been an illusion. If it did...no. Hiccup refused to say anything on the slim chance it actually did exist. Even if it was real, he couldn't hear it or see it. It didn't exist.

On the ninth day he became curious. His limbs were weak and locked up. His joints were sore. Previously he had resigned himself to doing nothing. What if the dragon was creeping closer to him when he was asleep? What if it was waiting for the perfect moment to strike because it had no food? Nevertheless Hiccup did not act upon his curiosity. He refrained. He did not want to face what might exist in the darkness. It did not exist.

It was the tenth day that Hiccup finally succumbed to the gnawing curiosity. "Hello?" He queried softly into the empty, dismal air. A sharp reptilian hiss and a a scraping sound greeted him. Oh, Hel. It was real and now it was pissed at him. Hiccup didn't dare breathe,

much less gasp. The sounds that followed were almost anticlimactic. Crisp pops echoed through the small containment room, like joints cracking. Then there was a groan, almost like a yawn, and a heavy sigh.

"You finally decided to say something," the dragonvoice responded drearily, like it had just been aroused from a deep slumber, "and it's 'hello.'" In any other tone the statement would almost certainly have been perceived as rude. However, the dragon spoke lightly with humor in its words. It was being friendly. What in the worlds?

"Do you know where they're taking me?" Hiccup asked flatly. He didn't dare say 'us', didn't speak to the dragon for any other reason than to gather information. Too risky. No. He wouldn't.

"Ah, down to business. In that case, no, I don't know, but from the sound of it I think they're intending to use you as a ransom. A bribe, if you will."

"...what sound?" There wasn't a sound to be heard. Just waves. Waves and darkness and voices.

The dragonvoice sounded surprised. "The sound of angry hooligans of course!"

3. Chapter 3

Sound. He couldn't hear a thing. The dragon was mad. Crazy. No wonder it was locked up here, captive with him. No wonder! He was locked in with an insane dragon. Doomed! Hiccup figured then that this boat was surely taking him straight to Hel. Dammit. He wondered if anyone on Berk missed him, then dismissed the thought. That was crazy too. Like the dragon. All he ever was to them was a burden. Useless.

Was it such a bad thing, then, that he was on this gods-forsaken ship in the middle of nowhere, trapped in with a crazy dragon? Hiccup choked on his own thoughts and coughed, and the sound slowly dissolved into sobbing. He sobbed because he hated this captivity, hated being stuck here with a damn dragon, hated this boat hated this darkness and hated how weak he was. But he kept crying.

"Shhh," the dragonvoice whispered, and it was closer this time. "Shhh," it murmured. Hiccup gasped and scrambled away from the sound, kicking out madly and crying all the while. "No, shhh, calm down please," the dragon said, sounding halfway between 'comforting' and 'panicked' but Hiccup knew, absolutely knew it was lying. He gave a strangled cry and shoved away from the thing then he felt it drawing nearer. Suddenly it grabbed him, claws darting out to snag him by the wrists, and held him. It drew his face near its own and it glowed.

The damn dragon glowed with blue light and Hiccup gasped as he finally saw its face. Directly before him were two wide-set, large greenish orbs, with the most dilated pupils Hiccup had ever seen on a dragon. Where there would be a brow on a human was turned up and pulled together just like someone did when they were concerned. The glow burned from the top of its head all the way down its back, or he assumed it did from the glow coming from underneath the tunic it wore. He could see the outline of its massive wings and noted that he

hadn't lied when it said it was missed a tailfin. How he managed to get unbound was a mystery to Hiccup, but as the dragon held him steady and locked eyes with him, he knew it wasn't a trick.

The damn lizard wasn't lying.

4. Chapter 4

There in the hold of the dragonship Hiccup sat crying locked in the grasp of a dragon. Hot, wet tears trailed down his gaunt cheeks. His eyelids fluttered, threatening to close, but he kept his eyes as focused on the dragon's as he could. He couldn't. He just couldn't. His arms and legs felt limp and his head hurt, hurt so badly like it was going to burst. "Hey," the beast said, "hey, don't go. Stay with me." His grip relaxed on Hiccup's arms, and one paw shook his shoulder gently. "Hey kiddo, stay awake." Hiccup breathed in, in out in out, but he couldn't bring himself to do more than gasp. "No, no no no no, don't do this. Not now." The dragon was definitely panicking now. Never did he ever think he'd see a dragon panicking over his health. Hiccup couldn't bring himself to laugh though. He wheezed and slipped down against the wall, grabbing out for the dragon as he fell. "Hey bud, hang in there. Just-" the voice was strangled now, and the glow flickered. "Just a little bit long. C'mon, you can do it." Hiccup breathed. He breathed. His arms were shaking and his legs were frozen. He couldn't feel his fingers. He breathed. Exhausted. He was exhausted. It would be so nice to just...just relax. The sound of the dragonvoice slipped away, drowned out by the muffled sounds of...of vikings. Somewhere out there he could hear yelling. No. He was imagining it. Yes. Crazy dragon. Hah. Crazy.

He was so tired.

End
file.